

MUSTAPHA.

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By HIS MAJESTY'S Servants.



LONDON:

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TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCE of *Wales*.

S I R,



Should but ill deserve
the gracious permission
Your ROYAL HIGHNESS
has given me to shelter
the following Tragedy
under your name ; if a
writer, so little known as I am,
should presume to celebrate the great
and good qualities, that equally adorn
your public and private character.

DEDICATION.

racter. I will only say; (and it is the noblest praise :) they have endeared Your ROYAL HIGHNESS to the hopes and affections of a whole people.

May I have leave, at the same time, to congratulate every man of worth and genius, on that generous protection the politer arts now meet with from the Prince of WALES? and to join with them in wishing, from my heart, every blessing to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS? It is, in other words, to wish the future happiness of GREAT BRITAIN.

I am, with the profoundest respect,

S I R,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

most devoted servant,

D. MALLETT.



PROLOGUE.

By Mr. THOMSON.

Spoken by Mr. MILWARD.

*SINCE Athens first began to draw mankind,
To picture life, and shew th'impassion'd mind ;
The truly Wise have ever deem'd the stage,
The moral School of each enlighten'd age.
There, in full pomp, the Tragic Muse appears,
Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.
Faint is the lesson reason'd rules impart :
She pours it strong and instant thro' the heart.
If virtue is her theme ; we sudden glow
With generous flame : and, what we feel, we grow.
If Vice she paints ; indignant passions rise ;
The villain sees himself with loathing eyes :
His soul starts, conscious, at another's groan ;
And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.*

*To-night our meaning Scene attempts to show,
What fell events from dark suspicion flow ;
Chief when it taints a lawless monarch's mind,
To the false herd of flattering slaves confin'd.
The soul sinks gradual to so dire a state ;
Even excellence but serves to feed its hate :
To hate remorseless, cruelty succeeds,
And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.*

*Behold, our Author at your bar appears,
His modest hopes depress'd by conscious fears.
Faults he has many — But to ballance these,
His aim is honest : and he strives to please.
All slighter errors let indulgence spare ;
And be his equal trial full and fair.
For this best British privilege we call :
Then—as he merits, let him stand, or fall.*



EPI-



EPILOGUE.

By a Friend.

Spoken by Mr. QUIN.

WELL—for this once I'll undertake the part—
But, would have been excus'd with all my heart.
I come, good Sirs, to speak an Epilogue;
I doubt, not season'd to the taste in vogue:
Nor was I made to simper, leer, and coax,
And torture meanings into wanton jokes.
Our author too avows himself unfit
To write such strains as but dishonour wit:
Yet this, with humble hope, he bids me say:
If aught, less faulty, pleas'd you in his play;
If noble passions bade your bosoms glow;
If feeling pity taught a tear to flow;
If, while he try'd to make fair virtue shine;
You smil'd indulgent on the just design:
'Twere mean, those bright impressions to efface,
That dignify the mind which gives 'em place:
And for the vain delight of some low jest,
Distaste the wise, and pain the modest breast.
Behold, that circle of the list'ning Fair,
Their looks how open! how serene their air!
May no rude blush invade one smiling face,
That safe from insult, they may veil no grace!
Be yours henceforth to save them from alarms,
And vindicate their violated charms.



Books printed for A. MILLAR.

1. **T**HE Works of Mr. *Thomson*, in 2 vol. 8vo.—Vol. I. Containing Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter; a Hymn on the Seasons; a Poem sacred to the Memory of Sir *Isaac Newton*; *Britannia*, a Poem; and *Sophonisba*, a Tragedy.

Vol. II. Containing ancient and modern *Italy* compared, *Greece*, *Rome*, *Britain*, and the Prospect; being the Five Parts of *Liberty*, a Poem: A Poem to the Memory of the Lord Chancellor *Talbot*; and *Agamemnon*, a Tragedy.

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Next Month will be Publish'd,

Several Pieces, some of which never before printed; which, with *Eurydice* a Tragedy, and this Play, which is paged after it, will compleat a Volume in Octavo of Mr. *Mallet's* Works.

N. B. The Pieces will be paged after this Play, printed in the same manner, and to be had separate; that the Purchasers of either may compleat their Volume in a uniform Size, without buying them over again.

The Persons represented.

SOLYMAN the Second, surnamed <i>The Magnificent, Emperor of</i> <i>the Turks.</i>	}	Mr. QUIN.
MUSTAPHA.	} His Sons,	Mr. MILWARD.
ZANGER.		Mr. WRIGHT.
RUSTAN, Grand Vizir.		Mr. MILLS.
MUFTI.		Mr. WINSTON.
ACHMET, Friend of <i>Mustapha</i> .		Mr. HAVARD.
OSMAN.		Mr. WOODBURN.
ROXOLANA, Empress.		Mrs. BUTLER.
EMIRA.		Mrs. GIFFARD.

Basha, Attendants, Mutes.

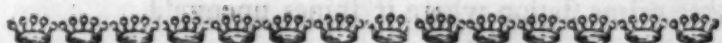
SCENE, *the Sultan's Tent, in a large plain near
Aleppo, where his army lies encamp'd.*



MUSTAPHA.

A

TRAGEDY.



ACT I. SCENE I.

RUSTAN, MUFTI.

RUSTAN.

GUIDE of the faithful, oracle of truth,
Sage MUFTI, hail and welcome!

MUFTI.

Noble RUSTAN,

Be peace and benediction on the head
Of him, the wise and valiant, who supports
Th' imperial throne of earth's most potent Prince!

RUSTAN.

In happy hour you come. But sure, my Lord,
You travel'd on the spur.

MUFTI.

By duty wing'd:

True, I have glow'd beneath the noon-day beam,
And shiver'd in the midnight's dewy shade,

B

Unresting



Unresting from the Porte. Such prompt dispatch
Great ROXOLANA's mandate had enjoin'd.
Inform me then what service she requires,
Whom I but live to serve.

RUSTAN.

Indeed you owe,
And I no less, all duty to her Highness.
I need not to your grateful thought recall,
How warm her love for our unerring law!
How liberal to its sages! Fir'd her self
With zeal for holy things, that zeal in others
Is title to her favour: and inspir'd
Her powerful mediation with the Sultan,
Great SOLYMAN, who rais'd your worth on high
To that prime station where it shines unenvy'd.

MUFTI.

Let her command me, Vizir. My obedience,
As most implicate, shall be most sincere.

RUSTAN.

Observe me then: and when your ear hath heard
Th' important tale, let caution lock it up
Deep in the darkest silence of your breast,
From all but heaven.

MUFTI.

Have I not liv'd in courts?
Been present where I would not trust a thought,
In whisper, even to things inanimate?

RUSTAN.

Th' attempt she meditates is arduous, great,
Involves her dearest happiness, her life;
Perhaps the lives of all she deigns to love.
Know then—the news will strike thee with amaze—
She holds Prince MUSTAPHA her deadly foe.

MUFTI.

Ha! say'st thou?—MUSTAPHA! the favourite son

Of.



Of our redoubted Lord ! his eldest hope !
 Sole pledge the fair *Circassian* left his fondness !
 How will she root him from a father's love,
 Who holds him dear for virtues that renown,
 And dignify himself ? The Prince has fought
 His battels with success : and is sustain'd
 By troops that know his worth ; that idolize
 His fame and fortune.

RUSTAN.

Thou hast summ'd his crimes,
 These are, with reason are the mighty object
 Of ROXOLANA's hate. But wouldst thou know,
 How she may drive him from his father's bosom ?
 This boasted courage she admires ! exalts !
 With all th' insidious artfulness of praise :
 And will applaud the stripling into ruin.

MUFTI.

Nay, trust a woman for ingenious ill.
 Such foes indeed most surely aim their blow,
 Who praise to wound, and honour to destroy.

RUSTAN.

My influence waits on hers. You know she gave
 Her daughter to my bed. Whate'er I hold,
 Or grasp in distant hope, is hers alone.
 And, as my fairest fortunes, all my aims
 With hers are blended intimate and deep.

If MUSTAPHA succeeds his Royal Sire,
 She falls for ever ! sinks from what she is,
 Empress and consort of unbounded sway,
 Dower'd and declar'd so—sinks into a slave !
 Her sons too—can a parent bear the thought ?
 Her sons must bleed ! Her blooming ZANGER first,
 Child of her love, th' unhappy victim falls
 Of that dire policy, which founds the throne
 Of each ascending Prince in brother's blood.

She must destroy, or perish. In such case,
Necessity is justice.

MUFTI.

True, my Lord.

Custom, the deity of half mankind,
All-powerful o'er the soul, on whom opinion
Waits with obsequious blindness, hath made sacred
Such dreadful deeds ; and bids our eastern world
Hold them in venerable estimation.

This, to your purpos'd vengeance, may give sanction :
But what will give success ? The Prince, my Lord—
I tell it, with reluctance, of a foe—
By every title, by each filial tie,
Deserves, and largely shares, his father's love.

RUSTAN.

What is the love our Sovereign bears his sons ?
'Tis coldness, 'tis aversion, to the flame
With which he burns for ROXOLANA's charms !
Not all the fabled power of herbs or spells
Could raise it to more height. He doats upon her
Beyond all vulgar passion. Age but strengthens,
And each new day adds fervour to its warmth.

But as this great design requires much pause,
And gradual machination ; I, at times,
Have thrown out hints, insinuations, doubts,
Some dark and distant, some more plain and near :
And from such fruitful seeds is springing up
A harvest to our hopes. The Sultan now,
Declining to th' infirmities of age,
Is lapsing to its vices ; quick distrust,
Umbrage at rising excellence, but chief
At signal fame in arms. He fears his son :
And in the hearts of Kings, by years made gloomy,
From fear to hate the progress is not slow.
What says my friend ?

MUFTI.

MUFTI.

Now, by the Prophet's tomb,
The happy news is gladness to my soul.
I hate the stripling—

RUSTAN.

Hark! The Sultan's voice—
He leaves his couch. I must attend him here.
You, hasten to th' apartment of the Empress.
Be wise, be secret: what she gives in order,
Obey without reserve.

The daily form
Of solemn salutation now begins;
Fram'd to remind him what a Monarch is,
And what he once must be.



SCENE II.

*The back Scene opening, discovers the Sultan's pavilion;
he sitting; Officers and Slaves around him.*

First Officer, behind the throne.

The fragrant health
Of morning when it shines; the gentle calm
Of evening when its dewy shades descend,
Repose on SOLYMAN; and make his breast
A paradise of sweets. To him, the King
Of Kings, the Lord of west and east, belong
Justice and mercy; to chastise all vice,
And to reward all virtue.

Second Officer on the left.

Yet this Prince,
This first of Monarchs, mighty, and renown'd,
Shall die! shall die! shall die!

Third

Third Officer on the right.

Praise be to him

Who lives for ever.

SOLYMAN *rising*.

Leave me.



S C E N E III.

SOLYMAN, RUSTAN.

SOLYMAN.

What a Scene

Of solemn mockery is all human grandeur !
 Thus worship'd, thus exalted by the breath
 Of adulation, are my passions sooth'd ?
 My secret pangs assuag'd ? The peasant-hind,
 Who drives his camel o'er the burning waste,
 With heat and hunger smote, knows happier days,
 And sounder nights than I.

RUSTAN.

He seems disturb'd.

SOLYMAN.

My couch is grown a bed of thorns : my sleeps,
 That should repair frail nature, weigh her down
 With visionary terrors. This sad dream,
 Not such as fancy in her shadowy workings
 Amusive raises and destroys at will,
 Was on my brain with deep impressure struck :
 It seem'd the hand of some night-hovering power,
 That meant to warn me—RUSTAN !

RUSTAN.

Health, my Lord,

And ever-growing honors ! Dares your slave,

Your

Your truest servant, ask what care invades
His Sovereign's peace of mind?

SOLYMAN.

Vizir, I blush
To think illusions of the dark have power
To move me thus—Yet, wherefore, night by night,
Am I thus visited with horrid shapes
And omens of impending ill?

RUSTAN.

Grant, heaven,
That in such warnings be not shadow'd forth—
Pardon my zeal—th' unwelcome truths that oft
Alarm our ears, of dark and deep designs,
Thro' all those bounds where MUSTAPHA presides.

SOLYMAN.

Ha! Vizir—whither wouldst thou lead my thought?

RUSTAN.

I know the perilous niceness of this theme;
'Tis cloath'd with death: and I am as a man
Who walks the summit of a fearful cliff,
Each motion hazards falling: And that fall
Is fate inevitable.

SOLYMAN.

Thou art safe.
When duty speaks, its very error claims
Not only pardon: it deserves applause.

RUSTAN.

What may not youth, my Lord, impetuous youth,
By factious armies heated and inflam'd,
By strong ambition feaver'd into phrenzy,
Presume to dare? Impatient of controul,
'Twould spurn at heav'n itself, would scale the throne
Of him, the Sacred Power, who gave it being.

SOLYMAN.

Thou hast arrow'd my soul. And if I doubt

I will prevent.—That were a tyrant's baseness;
 Who kills—because he fears.—Away such thoughts:
 Nor can this be. I have approv'd him faithful.
 He still reveres the monarch in the father:
 And love of one preserves him just to Both.

RUSTAN.

So may it ever be. And you deserve
 His most devoted service. For his sake,
 You broke thro' all the rules of royal custom,
 That buries in the dark seraglio's round,
 And keeps at cautious distance, son or brother,
 From knowledge and employment.

SOLYMAN.

True: my heart
 Disdain'd those narrow forms which low suspicion,
 Th' inglorious policy of mean-soul'd men,
 Had render'd reverend to our barbarous world:
 Beheld with scorn by wiser nations round us;
 Whom reason and discernment have enlarg'd
 With nobler views, and polish'd into honor.

RUSTAN.

A zeal well meant, tho' indiscreet, the King
 Will sure forgive.—But does this son approve
 The breach of ancient custom—in each instance?
 There may be novelties—

SOLYMAN.

What wouldst thou say?

RUSTAN.

E'er since the time inhuman TAMERLANE,
 In BAJAZET's insulted Queen, dishonour'd
 The majesty of empire, future Sultans
 Have shunn'd the marriage-tie.

SOLYMAN.

SOLYMAN has not:
 Superior to that cowardice of pride,
 Which

Which made it a state-maxim—But say, who,
What slave of mine so lightly holds his life
As but to murmur at it?

RUSTAN.

All good subjects
Applaud your act with duteous veneration.
Fair ROXOLANA even adorns the name,
The honor'd name she wears. The Prince too, Sir,
Is valiant, noble, rich in manly virtues,
And with these virtues, loyal—But his pride—

SOLYMAN.

His pride!—away—he does not, dares not blame—
Confusion!—blame!—He must approve my act.
Reason inspir'd, and honor boasts it done.
She merits more than pomp and power can give:
Even all that love in his unbounded fondness,
Inventive to bestow with taste and grace,
Can find to crown the idol of his vow.—
I lose my self in fondness—Say, I wish
A moment's converse with her.—Stay. Thy letters,
What say they of my son: Will he obey
My order? Does he come to vindicate
His question'd loyalty?

RUSTAN.

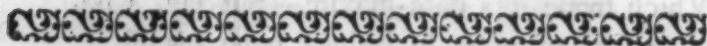
To all but that
My letters speak at large, and high extoll
His gentle manners, popular behavior,
And equal use of delegated sway.

SOLYMAN.

My mandate was express and absolute:
And I expect him here, ere yonder orb
Has measur'd half its course—But should he fail—
That popular behavior, priz'd so high,
May cost him dear!—My ROXOLANA comes.
I would be left alone.

C

SCENE



S C E N E IV.

ROXOLANA, SOLYMAN.

ROXOLANA.

Alas, my Lord,

Thro' those severe regards you dart around you,
Methinks I read some discontented thought.
Ah should it point on me !

SOLYMAN.

My ROXOLANA !

That fear is vain, is cruel to us both.
No anger, no distaste can dwell with love,
With love like ours, ennobled into friendship,
That, while it sooths, invigorates the heart :
Union of wishes, harmony of wills,
Blended and lost in one consenting interest,
One undivided happiness, beyond
The solitary, joyless pride of power,
That dazzles, not delights——A heart like mine
O'erflows its bounds, unheeding——I but meant
To pour into thy faithful breast the cares
That break upon my peace.

ROXOLANA.

Give me them all :

And I will charm them to repose, or share
Their sharpest pangs.

SOLYMAN.

A swarm of gloomy fears

Is waken'd here !

ROXOLANA.

What fears, my gracious Lord ?

SOLYMAN.

SOLYMAN.

Now, ROXOLANA, speak as in the fight
Of that stern Angel who explores the grave,
And calls departed souls to strict confession.

ROXOLANA.

What do I hear?

SOLYMAN.

My favour'd MUSTAPHA,
So grac'd and so distinguish'd by my fondness,
Feels he for me that love a son should feel
For such a parent?

ROXOLANA.

Whence that doubt, my Lord?

SOLYMAN.

Ask thy own heart. Has not thy love for me
Alarm'd thee to suspicions of his conduct?

ROXOLANA.

What can a father wish, he not performs?
When your just vengeance sends him forth to war,
Great in your power and glorious by your fame,
He hurls the dreadful thunder: then returns
Submissive to your nod, alike resign'd,
Commanding or obeying. You the while,
To give this brave and boundless spirit scope,
Remain, my Lord, unactive in the shade,
Obscuring your renown; that his may rise
And shine, to dazzle your admiring subjects,
Who bless his brightness, dwell upon his sight,
And hail their future Lord!

SOLYMAN.

Ha! heard I right?

Thou sayst I have been unactive—cruel truth!
The world has ceas'd to tremble at my name.
Once, Afric, Asia, Europe, fled before it.
The Persian lost a kingdom to my arms:

I humbled *Egypt*; crush'd its daring rebels,
 Proud *Rhodes*, defended by the chosen boast
 Of Christian chiefs, sustain'd not my assault.
 I shook the distant *Danube* with my thunder:
 Struck terror to the heart of its bold ruler.
 My threatening war hung o'er his capital,
 A gather'd tempest; waiting but my nod
 To burst in ruin on it.—Yes—this was.
 But now perdition!

ROXOLANA.

Moderate, my Lord,

This rising transport.

SOLYMAN.

'Tis a coward's vaunting:

And valour blushes at it.—ROXOLANA!
 What am I now?—Sunk, lost in sloth and silence?
 While MUSTAPHA has reign'd for SOLYMAN!
 Poor and debasing!—Kings who cease to act,
 Cease to be Kings.

ROXOLANA.

Yet MUSTAPHA's renown

Is yours, my Lord. The name of SOLYMAN
 Bore terror in it, conquer'd where he fought not;
 And, as the victory, the praise was yours.

SOLYMAN.

Thy virtuous tenderness for me deceives thee.
 I see my fatal error, feel my danger.
 We may oblige our children into foes,
 Even till they hate as deep, as we have lov'd.

ROXOLANA.

But then proceed, my Lord, by wary steps.
 Observe him, if he leagues with men who screen
 Their hate to you, their disappointed pride,
 Behind the specious mask of public zeal.
 Mark if the winning softness of his manners

Be

Be native or assum'd: Humility
 Is oft disguis'd ambition, Note the means
 By which he slides into the vulgar bosom;
 Feign'd pity for their sufferings, hinted hopes
 Of better times. But chief remark the arts
 He puts in use to court the soldiers' love;
 A coarse simplicity of taste and life,
 In their hard fare, gross wit, and blunt demeanor,
 Their fellow and companion. Mischief oft,
 And murderous treason lurk beneath such plainness.

SOLYMAN.

O wretchedness of royalty! what thorns
 Weave their sharp points with empire's gaudy robe!
 Now by my father's soul, thou hast heard more—
 I read it in that look—more than thy softness
 Dares trust mine ear with——



S C E N E V.

SOLYMAN, ROXOLANA, RUSTAN.

SOLYMAN.

RUSTAN!—whence this haste?

RUSTAN.

My Lord, the Prince approaches——

SOLYMAN.

Ha! what say'st thou?

RUSTAN.

And enters now thy camp.

SOLYMAN.

'Tis well.—The troops

How greet they his arrival?

RUSTAN.

With mad haste

They pour by thousands o'er the tented plain,

And

And swarm around him. 'Tis all wonder, fondness,
Each passion, every folly, of the vulgar
Expressing heart-felt joy.

SOLYMAN.

Indeed!

RUSTAN.

And hark!

That universal shout speaks loud their transport.

SOLYMAN.

Again!——the traitors!

ROXOLANA.

What attendance brings he?

RUSTAN.

ACHMET will tell your Highness.

SOLYMAN.

Bid him enter.



SCENE VI.

SOLYMAN, ROXOLANA, RUSTAN,

ACHMET.

Prince MUSTAPHA—

SOLYMAN.

Is come!

ACHMET.

And by your slave,

Implores admission to your royal presence.

SOLYMAN.

I sent thee to *Amasia*, to his province:

Say how he was employ'd.

ACHMET.

As a Prince should be:

In all the nobler cares of peaceful sway,

That make the ruler lov'd, the people happy.

SOLY-

SOLYMAN.

Didst thou remark how he receiv'd my order?
How look'd he? what reply'd he?

ACHMET.

With submission

He kiss'd th' imperial signet: then dismiss'd
His numerous court; on each with instance pressing
Inviolable duty to their Sovereign.

SOLYMAN.

This more: with what attendance is he guarded?

ACHMET.

With only those who wait about his person,
And one fair slave.

SOLYMAN.

Enough.—A croud of thoughts,
Doubting, discordant, tumult in my breast,
Unsettling my resolves—What should I think?—
Suspicion may enquire, but must not judge.—
'Tis now devotion's hour: invoke we then,
To guide our councils, that unerring Mind,
Whose goodness guards the majesty of Kings;
Whose justice each dark thought to judgment brings.

The End of the First Act.



A C T



A C T II. S C E N E I.

MUSTAPHA, ACHMET, HELI, OSMAN,
Soldiers.

MUSTAPHA, *at the door of the tent, to the soldiers
who had followed him.*

MY friends and fellow-soldiers, I accept
Well pleas'd, these kind expressions of your
love;

As meant in honor of our common Lord,
While thus you grace his son. But leave me now,
And each attend his duty.—HELI, go,
Watch near EMIRA; bid her be of comfort:
Say all is well.—Good OSMAN, find my brother,
My ZANGER: I would meet him here.—Oh ACHMET!
Faithful instructor of my youth in arms,
These shouts, this honest transport of the army,
That had been musick in the front of battle,
Is discord here!

ACHMET.

Now by fair faith and honor!
I felt my heart spring high within my bosom,
And answer to th' effusions of their joy.
Their shouts, their acclamations swell'd to passion.

MUSTAPHA.

Ah, friend—these acclamations will undo me!

ACHMET.

What says my Prince?

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

For those, whom sovereign power
Beholds with jealous eye, to be belov'd
Is to be guilty!

ACHMET.

Whan can malice forge
To raise a doubt against you? Have you not
Fulfill'd all duties of a son and servant?
In peace, most true and loyal to your father:
In war, your sword has ever been employ'd,
And ever with success, against his foes.
What would he more?—Suspected? no, my Lord,
The Sultan truly loves you.

MUSTAPHA.

Bred in camps,
Train'd in the gallant openness of truth
That best becomes a soldier; thou, my friend,
Art happily a stranger to the baseness,
The infamy of courts.—ACHMET, the *Caspian*,
When terrible with tempest, is less fatal
To the frail bark that plows it, than a court
To innocence and worth. A stepdame's hatred,
Hatred implacable, because unjust;
A Vizir, meanly cunning, coolly cruel,
Grown old in arts of treachery and ruin,
Pursue me, hunt me down! And what can I,
Unpractis'd in all guile, oppose to dark
And deadly rage?—the breath of publick praise!
An empty name—that will but speed my ruin!

ACHMET.

Why should they be your foes? why hate the worth
That never injur'd them?—Forgive me, heaven!
Could I believe so basely of mankind,
I would renounce their fellowship, and seek
The silvan wild, to herd with nobler brutes.

D

How

How can this be? All things around us wear
A face of peace and silence.

MUSTAPHA.

Such the silence,
The fearful stillness, ere the thunder bursts!
Else whence this boding solitude? this tent
By all forsaken, even the meanest slaves?
As we had sent the pestilence before,
Our mortal harbinger!—But be it so.
True valor, friend, on virtue founded strong,
Meets all events alike.

ACHMET.

Ah, Prince, 'twas cruel—
Forgive my honest love—'twas most unkind
To hide these apprehensions from your friend:
And now, too late, disclose the fatal secret.
But was it not most rash, if such your fears,
Most wilful, unsupported by your troops,
To meet this danger?

MUSTAPHA.

ACHMET—I can die:
But dare not disobey a father's orders.

ACHMET.

The Vizir moves this way.

MUSTAPHA.

Then, O my soul!
Wake all thy powers, and arm me strong within;
That honesty and honor, bravely plain,
May strike confusion through his hollow smile,
And vizer'd malice.

SCENE



S C E N E II.

MUSTAPHA, RUSTAN, ACHMET, BASHA.

RUSTAN.

May the Power we serve,
Most merciful and gracious, crown my Lord,
Thro' length of years, with brightness and renown!
To see your Highness here my soul has long,
Has warmly wish'd.

MUSTAPHA.

Because——thou art my friend.

RUSTAN.

Heaven knows with what fond warmth my willing
tongue,

Still prompted from the heart, has painted forth
Your matchless virtues; that exalted courage,
That generous prudence, rival of your courage,
Which aged warriors wonder at with envy!
But my applause is poor, and sinks beneath
The mighty subject: Fame herself is proud
To celebrate that hero, whose sole arm
Sustains the throne of godlike SOLYMAN,
His glory and defence!

MUSTAPHA.

Thou know'st me not.

He who can listen, pleas'd, to such applause,
Buys at a dearer rate than I dare purchase,
And pays for idle air with sense and virtue.
Art thou indeed my friend? then shew it nobly;
As man, by deeds like these thy tongue extols:
As subject, in true duty to thy Sovereign.

D 2

RUSTAN.

RUSTAN.

What amiable modesty! The Sultan
Must needs, my Lord——

MUSTAPHA.

Conclude this prefacing:

And to your business.

RUSTAN.

Sir, your Royal Father——

MUSTAPHA.

Proceed.

RUSTAN.

'Tis only——

MUSTAPHA.

What?

RUSTAN.

The Emperor orders

This Bassa may receive your sword.

MUSTAPHA.

My sword!

RUSTAN.

Such his command.

MUSTAPHA.

And, as he knows this RUSTAN

My kindest advocate, my warmest friend,

The man who sounds my praise aloud to heaven,

He sends him on this errand!

RUSTAN.

Born to serve,

With absolute obedience to perform

My master's will, his faithful slave presumes not

To ask a reason for it.

MUSTAPHA.

Heaven and earth!

My sword?

USTAN.

RUSTAN.

What would your Highness have me say
In answer to this order?

MUSTAPHA.

Take it, Vizir——

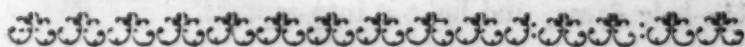
And tell my Lord and Father, that a son
Who loves his person, venerates his virtues.
Durst ne'er dispute his pleasure——nor does now.
Say, this good sword has truly been employ'd
Against his foes.—ACHMET, it was the gift
With which his fondness grac'd my early hand!
Which I had hop'd to part with but in death!
Stay. If thou art a friend, add this one truth,
Add boldly—when his sacred will demands
The life he gave me; this unhappy son,
Suspected as he is, will yield that life
With equal resignation. Thou wilt say so?

RUSTAN.

By heaven, I will.

MUSTAPHA.

So, in thy latest hour,
That heaven, who sees us both, deal with thy soul!



SCENE III.

MUSTAPHA, ACHMET.

MUSTAPHA.

Oh friend!

ACHMET.

Perdition on the doubling traitor!
Was it by arts like these he rose to greatness?
To envy'd power? How low beneath all scorn
This court-dissimulation sinks mankind!

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

Fly, ACHMET, to EMIRA ; greet her from me
 With love's most sacred vows—But smooth this news
 With all the kind deceit, the virtuous falshood,
 That friendship bids us use, to save from anguish
 The tender bosom of the fair we love.



S C E N E IV.

MUSTAPHA, ZANGER.

ZANGER.

MUSTAPHA!

MUSTAPHA.

ZANGER!

ZANGER.

Brother of my love—

O greatly, dearly welcome!

MUSTAPHA.

O my ZANGER!

My heart has sicken'd to transfuse itself
 Into thy faithful bosom. Friendship mourn'd,
 And found himself unblest for want of thee,
 Thou soul of tenderness, to wake anew
 His holy flame, and light it into rapture.

ZANGER.

O more than brother! O my nobler self!
 I swear by honor, by the sacred instinct
 That nature kindled in my infant breast,
 That taste improv'd, and reason makes immortal;
 My soul that languish'd for thee, finds her powers
 Restor'd to health and vigor in thy presence:
 Nor more refreshing are the dews of heaven
 To *Araby's* dry desert, than to me
 Thy sight and wish'd return!

MUSTAPHA.

May fame renounce

And

M U S T A P H A.

III

And scorn my name, if I not prize thy love
Beyond renown; beyond th' applauding shouts
Of myriads in the lawrel'd front of war.

ZANGER.

O thou hast fir'd my soul! thy voice recalls
The days of glory, when I trac'd thy steps
Thro' honor's rugged paths to noble danger!
The watch by night; the weary march by day;
The battle's open rage; the dark assault,
Where unknown perils dwelt; the sum of toils,
That fame imposes, and ambition courts!

MUSTAPHA.

Ah, ZANGER—those blest days are fled for ever!

ZANGER.

What says my friend?

MUSTAPHA.

Alas! I am no more

That brother of the war, whose honest name
Thy partial love has lavishly adorn'd.

ZANGER, in me thine eyes behold a slave,
Disgrac'd! disarm'd!

ZANGER.

O my presaging heart!

The Vizir——

MUSTAPHA.

He.

ZANGER.

Blue plagues upon him!—yes,
I have of late, I have observ'd his visage
O'ercast with dark reserve; his speech ambiguous,
Broken, and shifting quick, or pausing short.
Even when he talk'd no more, fell mischief lour'd
And boded in his silence. But I thought not—
How could fair Honor think, his hell-born arts
Took aim at you?—It is not, cannot be.
Our father loves you to your worth's extent:
Then who dares be your foe?

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

I have not learnt

By what pernicious tales the Sultan's ear
 Hath been abus'd: nor can thy plainness think,
 Thy honest soul, what arrows of the dark
 Close Hatred shoots with; various, secret, sudden,
 And fatal every shaft. Some three moons past,
 A present of delicious fruit was brought me,
 The first and fairest of the bounteous year;
 Season'd with complements of high regard,
 And profer'd love. I bad the bearer taste
 What seem'd most exquisite. 'Twas sure my genius
 That gave the strong alarm. Th' unwary slave
 Ate freely—But, O heaven! the lightning's flash
 Scarce swifter kills. His ghastly eye-balls roll'd;
 Convulsions shook his frame—he groan'd! he died!
 Expir'd before mine eyes!—O noble ZANGER,
 The hand from whence that mortal present came
 I must not, will not guess!

ZANGER.

Do not, my brother:

Left I should spurn all human ties, and curse
 Whom nature bids me reverence. Filial virtue!
 Forgive the direful thought that wakens here—
 Away—to harbor it were parricide—
 Alas! my brother, friendship makes me impious!
 And now, thy sight, whence I had hop'd all joy—
 Thy sight distresses me—Why didst thou come?
 O cruel rashness!—wherefore art thou here?
 To heap damnation on their heads! on mine
 Horror and sure despair!

MUSTAPHA.

Look on me, ZANGER.

Thy virtuous softness, while it charms, distracts me.
 Let me not see thy tears—they melt away

My

My firmer heart—Indeed I am to blame
 To wound thy gentle nature with this tale—
 I am, by heaven—I should have lock'd it up
 Even from my own reflection for thy sake.
 Turn this way, hear me, friend.—Had I not come,
 Not paid obedience to a father's order,
 I had avow'd a guilt that fled the light,
 And merited the fate I meanly shun'd :
 Nay more, had furnish'd to my honor's foe
 Sure arms against my self; to stab me, ZANGER,
 Thro' all succeeding ages, in my fame?
 And what are thousand temporary deaths
 To one, one cureless wound that bleeds for ever?
 Well, OSMAN.

SCENE V.

MUSTAPHA, ZANGER.

OSMAN.

Sir, the Emperor approaches.

His orders are, Prince ZANGER should retire:

He would confer with you in private.

ZANGER.

Brother!

MUSTAPHA.

[Embracing.]

ZANGER! heaven only knows or when or where

We meet again—Find ACHMET out: the secret

That most imports my soul, he can disclose.

Friendship will teach thee how to act.—Farewel.

SCENE VI.

MUSTAPHA.

He comes. A nameless terror stirs my soul,

E

And

And spreads severe disquiet thro' my bosom.
 Why should I fear? The man of guilt alone
 Should feel disorder—'Tis but nature's frailty;
 Th' unbidden trembling of the various heart,
 Where hopes and fears arise, and pass by turns.



SCENE VII.

SOLYMAN, MUSTAPHA.

SOLYMAN.

MUSTAPHA, sit—My order is obey'd:
 And thou art come.

MUSTAPHA.

While life informs this frame,
 Your will, my Lord—

SOLYMAN.

It now enjoins thee silence.

Attentive mark my words, till I command
 An answer.—When that Power, whose will is fate,
 First call'd me to the cares of royalty;
 And when those cares had waken'd me to thought,
 To grave reflection; Ignorance, I found,
 Black, heavy, total, had o'erspread my realms.
 Her steril darkness, to a people rude
 As nature at the birth of human-kind,
 Seem'd venerable; seem'd the proper state
 Of greatness: and as blindness is most vain,
 The proud Barbarians, all they knew not, scorn'd.
 Amid this general night, I turn'd my view
 Back to th' enlighten'd time of *Greece* and *Rome*;
 The times of science and of glorious deed:
 And saw, with pleasing wonder, to what heights
 Instruction and example lift the mind!
 Their story I revolv'd; and reverent own'd

Their

Their polish'd arts of rule, their human virtues;
The lustre and the dignity of man.
Till, what I long admir'd, at last I try'd
To emulate: nor found the trial vain.
Hence was my soul with nobler aims enlarg'd
In war and peace. Heaven seconded my cares:
My neighbours fear'd, my subjects blest, my sway:
But chief my family, where blood-stain'd Rage
No longer rioted in scenes of death.

Thee, of my sons the eldest, best belov'd,
I cherish'd with distinguish'd fondness; rear'd
In arts and arms; with morals and with honor
Season'd thy tender thought: whence, to my self
I hop'd a worthy son; and to mankind,
When fate should summon me, an equal master.
This have I done: but where is my reward?
What hope, what comfort to my age remains,
If thou, impatient to ascend my throne,
Wouldst rather, now, invade it, than await
Till time and right have made it fairly thine?
Speak: thou hast leave.

MUSTAPHA.

For this indulgence, Sir,
To heaven and you I bend my heart in thanks:
And as I would deserve it, all my words
Shall be to holy truth severely just.

E'er since reflection beam'd her light upon me,
You, Sir, have been my study. I have plac'd
Before mine eyes, in every light of life,
The Father and the King. What weight of duty
Lay on a son from such a parent sprung;
What virtuous toil to shine with his renown;
Has been my thought by day, my dream by night.
True to the fair example in my view—
Forgive the boast of youth—my aim has been

To merit rather than to wear a crown.
 I courted fame, but as a spur to brave,
 To honest deeds; and who despises fame,
 Will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it.
 But first, and ever nearest to my heart,
 Was this prime duty; so to frame my conduct
 Towards such a father, as, were I a father,
 My soul would wish to meet with from a son.
 And may Reproach transmit my name abhor'd
 To latest time—if ever thought was mine
 Unjust to filial reverence, filial love!

SOLYMAN,

But yet, the genius of imperial rule,
 All-incommunicable, knows no equal;
 Nay knows no second. Thou hast borne thy self
 Above a subject's state: by secret arts,
 By dangerous popularity, hast dar'd
 To taint my armies, and divide their homage.
 Too well I know the native bent of man:
 From towering thoughts to traitorous designs
 He climbs apace. If I at last must fear
 A rival in my slave (for such thou art)
 Thy virtues all are crimes. And were there none,
 Not one of OTHMAN's blood to heir his empire;
 By that eternal Mind who form'd my soul!
 If guilt is found upon thee—true, thy father
 Will be unhappy—but thou art undone!

MUSTAPHA.

And may that Power, whose ever-waking eye
 Explores the depth of human hearts, and sees
 Each wish, each secret purpose, rising there,
 Disclose all mine before you!—O my father,
 Source of my being, ever lov'd and honor'd,
 Yes, let Inquiry, rigorous Inquiry,
 Call the whole tenor of my life to trial,

Severe,

Severe, impartial tryal. If such crimes
Have stain'd me but in thought ; let open shame,
Let tortures such as wait the wretch accurs'd,
The parricide, attone their guilt.

SOLYMAN.

This wears

A face of virtue.—MUSTAPHA—the father
Would favor thee : the judge must know no bias :
Their differing titles call me separate ways ;
And each would have its due.

MUSTAPHA.

My failings, Sir,

Will want th' indulgence of a father's love :
My honesty of heart dares well abide
The judge's searching eye.—O think, my Lord ;
Why am I here alone ? Had my own thoughts
Borne evidence against me, would I thus
Provoke examination ? thus embrace
Perhaps the nobler, but th' unfafer, part ?
For I have foes——

SOLYMAN.

What foes ? Be warn'd, and know,
By charging others, guilt would screen himself.

MUSTAPHA.

Look on me, Sir. Suspected tho' I be,
I am your son : I still inherit from you
A generous pride that cannot stoop to baseness,
The baseness of a lye. Most true, my foes
Had form'd a dark design against my life.

SOLYMAN.

Ha ! what design ?

MUSTAPHA.

By poison to destroy me.

SOLYMAN.

Poison ? astonishment !

MUSTAPHA.

18 MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

And of a kind

Exalted to such power, such deadly keenness,
That he, the slave who first essay'd its rage,
Tasted at once and died!

SOLYMAN.

Merciful heaven!

MUSTAPHA.

My people saw, and trembled to behold
The horrid scene!

SOLYMAN.

I tremble too——O Nature!

A parent cannot banish thee for ever——
Was no enquiry made? Canst thou not guess
This cruel foe?

MUSTAPHA.

I can forgive, my Lord.

SOLYMAN.

What should I think?—Thy brothers are thy friends.
My ROXOLANA——but 'tis profanation
To mention her. She never was thy foe.

MUSTAPHA.

I never gave her cause.

SOLYMAN.

Her faith to me

I oft have prov'd, and ever found sincere,
Her tongue too has been lavish in thy praise:
By heaven, it has.

MUSTAPHA.

Betwixt my foes and me

Let heaven be judge.—But if their arts can win
On him, a father whom my soul reveres
With all the sanctity of truth and love,
To think me base, ungrateful and unjust:
Hear, Honor! and approve me while I swear——

[Kneels.]

I

I envy that poor slave! I would be now
As he is—Pangs like mine were well exchange'd
For death's short agonies——

SOLYMAN.

Forbid it, Virtue!

Thou must not talk thus.

MUSTAPHA.

Had I perish'd then,

I should have clos'd mine eyes in peace—convinc'd,
You never thought me false—convinc'd, my fate,
Unmerited, untimely, would have drawn
A tear of pity from a parent's eye——
Alas! my Lord——

SOLYMAN.

O MUSTAPHA—my son!——

For such again thou art, belov'd! endear'd!
I mix my tears with thine.

MUSTAPHA.

My king and father!

'Tis joy, 'tis bliss too powerful clouds my sight
With this soft moisture.

SOLYMAN.

Hence each doubt and fear,

Children of dark distrust. My soul receives thee
To love and confidence.—And now, my son—
But whence these horrid shouts?—OSMAN, what news?

SCENE VII.

SOLYMAN, MUSTAPHA,

OSMAN.

My Lord, a sudden mutiny spreads swift
Among the troops. The Janizaries chief
Croud from their tents, and cry to arms.

I

SOLY-

SOLYMAN.

Confusion !

To arms?—Speak, MUSTAPHA, what may this mean?

MUSTAPHA.

So heaven befriend my soul as I am lost

In horror and amaze——But haste, my Lord,

And meet bold treason in its mid career.



SCENE IX.

SOLYMAN, MUSTAPHA, OSMAN,

RUSTAN.

Appear, great Emperor, or all is lost.

The traitors arm'd, and furious in their rage,

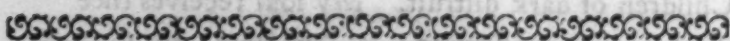
Surround your tent——

SOLYMAN.

How!—MUSTAPHA, I will not
Pronounce thee guilty——But this hour must fix
The name of son or parricide upon thee.

MUSTAPHA.

Sir, I provoke the tryal.



SCENE X.

RUSTAN.

Curst event!

The danger imminent and sure is mine.

Should they demand my head—By hell ! 'tis theirs.

To save himself, the Sultan will resign

His minister : that fatal policy

Long custom has made sacred——Dire Ambition!

By following thee, I headlong urge my fate,

And change secure repose for wretched state.

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

ROXOLANA, MUFTI.

ROXOLANA.

WHERE will this fearful revolution end?
 And who must fall the sacrifice of fate,
 RUSTAN or MUSTAPHA?

MUFTI.

Their fury seems
 As if inflam'd, and chequ'd, by one sole will,
 Unlike the wavering multitude.

ROXOLANA.

That shows
 Most terrible!

MUFTI.

It would be—but for him,
 Their idol MUSTAPHA, whose pride of soul—
 Or call it loyalty—will surely prompt him,
 With ostentation, to repress at once
 The storm his fancy'd danger has arous'd.

ROXOLANA.

Dost thou believe so, MUFTI?

MUFTI.

Hold it, Madam,
 A most undoubted truth: and that on you
 No other labour lies, but to perplex
 By study'd doubts and fears the Sultan's spirit;
 To hint his certain ruin from a son

F

So

So dangerously powerful o'er the passions
Of men inur'd to turbulence and treasons.

ROXOLANA.

My better angel warns me from thy lips:
And, MUFTI, thou shalt find me nobly grateful.
RUSTAN, what news?



S C E N E II.

ROXOLANA, MUFTI, RUSTAN.

RUSTAN.

This tumult threaten'd more
Than even my fears surmiz'd. Already were
Those daring traitors pour'd around the grove
That shades this tent; a mighty host in arms,
Outragious, clamouring high for MUSTAPHA,
And menacing perdition to his foes;
But chief to me.

ROXOLANA.

Audacious slaves!—but on.

RUSTAN.

In that nice moment, SOLYMAN appear'd
Superior and unmov'd. At sight of him,
A space they stood confounded and appall'd.

MUFTI.

The multitude unaw'd is insolent;
Once seiz'd with fear, contemptible and vain.

RUSTAN.

Yet, MUFTI, when they cast their eyes abroad
On their own gather'd strength, rekindled rage
Spoke loud their madness in tempestuous shouts,
And mingled uproar. I beheld from far
The various horror; how at once they rag'd,
At once kept silence: and, as thwarting passions

By

M U S T A P H A. 123

By turns prevail'd, were dreadful and dismay'd!

ROXOLANA,

What follow'd this?

RUSTAN.

Just then—but I could wish
To leave that part untold—the Prince rush'd in;
His look with grief and anger deep impress'd,
His bosom naked to their swords—"Strike here;
"Here point your rage, he cry'd. I, only I
"Am guilty—if your impious arms have dar'd,
"In violation of th' allegiance due
"From subjects, chief from me, to menace him
"Who reigns supreme o'er all."

MUFTI.

Why did they not,

O Prophet! fairly take him at his word?

RUSTAN.

This, with strong transport utter'd, and enforc'd
By bursting tears, which indignation shed,
Amaz'd, abash'd them into fear and shame.
At once they crouded round the rais'd tribunal;
Threw down their arms at once, and prostrate begg'd
For pardon, or for death.—I would not dwell
Upon the sequel. MUSTAPHA's demeanor
Has won anew his father's heart, and wrought
A firmer reconcilment.

ROXOLANA.

Wrought our ruin;

If this be so.

MUFTI.

An enterprize like ours,
Rais'd to this fateful point, must be accomplish'd,
Or crush its authors.

RUSTAN.

There is no return.

No; we must on, must pass the perilous flood:

F 2

To

To venture backward from this depth, we risque
Inevitable sinking.

ROXOLANA.

Ha!—it dawns:

Thy counsel, MUFTI, breaks upon my thought,
Like morning o'er the shades of night, We yet
Shall counterwork our fate. This paper too,
Even from the friends of MUSTAPHA procur'd,
May serve to urge his fate.—The Sultan comes.
Retire, my Lords—Stay, RUSTAN: I may want
Thy present aid. Now recollect thy soul,
And second what I say.



S C E N E III.

SOLYMAN, ROXOLANA, RUSTAN.

SOLYMAN.

Presumptuous slaves!—

These accidents in such a state as this is,
By laws unfix'd, are ever to be fear'd,
Are often fatal—This alarming storm
Is past, my love: and tho' the rage of tumults
Has from old time shook fore our empire's frame,
Nay buried monarchs in the general wreck,
This last I can forgive. It shew'd me plain
The soul of MUSTAPHA. With care I watch'd
Th' emotions springing from his inmost breast,
There where no art has power: and found them true
To virtue and to me. I know this news,
To her whose dearest happiness is mine,
Will be most welcome.

ROXOLANA.

You are just, my Lord;

Just to us both. I triumph in your joy,
And wish it all sincere.

SOLYMAN.

SOLYMAN,

Long peace, I find,
 But nurses dangerous humours up to strength,
 Licence and wanton rage; which war alone
 Can purge away. I will resume my arms.
 The *Persian*, whom I deadly hate, must down.
 Some slight advantage by his troops obtain'd——
 I fought not there——has swell'd his inborn pride
 Above all equal bounds. But ere the sun
 Lights up another morn, my powers shall hence
 To scourge that pride. A rougher season now,
 My ROXOLANA, must divide the hearts,
 It shall not change.

ROXOLANA.

Mine is not in the power
 Of time or accident. This faithful breast
 Will know no hour of joy, till favouring heaven
 Restore you, bright with conquest, to these arms.
 But——is all well, my Lord?

SOLYMAN.

All well!

ROXOLANA.

Alas!

SOLYMAN.

Ha! what alarms thee?

ROXOLANA.

Does my Lord believe,
 His lowly handmaid loves him?

SOLYMAN.

Most unkind!

Why dost thou kneel, and hang upon my robe?

ROXOLANA.

O SOLYMAN——But wilt thou then forgive
 The woman's softness? those presaging thoughts
 That wish, yet doubt thy safety?

SOLYMAN.

SOLYMAN.

Safety! what,

What wouldst thou say?

ROXOLANA.

O may my fears be vain!

But when my thought recalls this horrid tumult;
 Recalls th' unbounded insolence that spread
 So fast, and rag'd so high; when I revolve
 The cause that spirited those factious men
 To such bold outrage——can I chuse but weep,
 And tremble for thy life?

SOLYMAN.

My life!

RUSTAN, *aside*.

Well said,

Exquisite woman!

ROXOLANA.

Have they not presum'd

On idle rumors——rumors too that fix
 The name of murderer on you—here to judge
 Betwixt you and your son? to give you laws?
 As if the sovereign power was in their hands!
 And you their slave!

SOLYMAN.

Ha!—ROXOLANA—RUSTAN!

RUSTAN.

She speaks a dreadful truth! Power is no more;
 Authority is lost, when rebel subjects dare,
 With curious boldness, scan their master's right,
 Control his royal pleasure, and rejudge
 His highest acts. Contempt unking a sovereign.

SOLYMAN.

Contempt!—perdition!—Am I vilely fallen
 To that dishonor?

RUSTAN.

RUSTAN.

You are still yourself,
Great, valiant, glorious : but ungrateful subjects,
Wanton with wealth and ease, may wish to change
The happy present for th' uncertain future——
Alas, I go too far ; you droop, my Lord.

SOLYMAN.

Away——What should I fear ? My son's known virtue
Forbids a doubt of him.

ROXOLANA.

How I have lov'd,
How oft with rapture dwelt upon his name,
You, SOLYMAN, best know. But duty now
Shall triumph o'er that fondness——This wild storm
He with a breath appeas'd.

SOLYMAN.

He did.

ROXOLANA.

Grant heaven

I be mistaken !—That same breath can raise
A second, wilder far ; and bid it burst
On me——would that were all !—alas on you !
Even on your sacred head——for who will then
Bid the rous'd ocean peace ? or drive its surge
With govern'd fury ?

SOLYMAN.

Hold I then a crown
Precarious and dependent on the nod,
The caprice of another ?——ROXOLANA !
Thou dost not think so.

ROXOLANA.

Would I could not think it.
O who can sound the secret heart of man ?——
Pardon my anxious love——His thoughts are hid,
His real aims unseen : his power is known,
Is evident and felt.

SOLY-

SOLYMAN.

Woman! by heaven!

Thy words dart light into my darken'd soul—
There must be treachery. Who told those rebels
I fought his life? What friend of mine would say,
That danger threaten'd him?

RUSTAN.

O justly thought.

Did ROXOLANA, did your slave, whose head
They loudly call'd for, bid the traitors rise,
To plunge their daggers in our breasts?

SOLYMAN.

'Tis plain.—

Who, who would be a father?—Friends, you weep
In pity of my fate!—I too could pour
A breaking heart in tears.

ROXOLANA.

O may the news,

This paper holds, be false as Calumny,
As Malice can devise.

SOLYMAN.

What news? what paper?

Whence comes it?

RUSTAN.

From *Amasia*. Sir: a slave

Deliver'd it but now.

SOLYMAN.

I dread to look

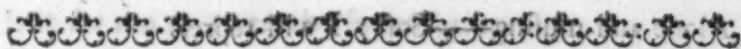
Upon this fatal paper—Ha! it speaks
“Of peace at hand; of terms the *Persian* offers.”—
“That monarch courts with ardent love and service
“My favourite son”—Why trembles thus my frame?
What dire suggestions, conjur'd up at once
In fiend-like shapes, spread horror thro' my breast?
Where am I?—What?—depos'd? plung'd in a dungeon,
To drag out weary life to its last verge,

A

A slave! a nameless reptile!—These strong warnings
 Are heaven's impressive hand.—But how resolve?
 How satisfy my vengeance and my fame?
 My stormy soul yet knows not, dares not yet
 Acknowledge to itself.

ROXOLANA looking after him.

The Mufti soon
 Shall clear that doubt.



S C E N E IV.

RUSTAN.

We are not yet secure.
 Fond nature may return, and baffle all
 Our labour'd schemes:—Ambition! deadly tyrant!
 Inexorable master! what alarms,
 What anxious hours, what agonies of heart,
 Are the sure portion of thy gaudy slaves?
 Cruel condition! Could the toiling hind,
 The shivering beggar, whom no roof receives,
 Wet with the mountain shower, and crouching low
 Beneath the naked cliff, his only home;
 Could he but read the statesman's secret breast,
 But see the horrors there, the wounds, the stabs,
 From furious passions and avenging guilt:
 He would not change his rags and wretchedness,
 For gilded domes and greatness!

G S C E N E

SCENE V.

ZANGER, RUSTAN.

ZANGER.

RUSTAN! yes,

Alone and musing—Soft: I will repress
Th' indignant rage my honest bosom swells with,
And speak him fair.

RUSTAN.

I heard a noise—Prince ZANGER!

ZANGER.

You seem wrapt up in meditation, Vizir.

RUSTAN.

I have been thinking what sweet peace attends
The homely shepherd's life.

ZANGER.

Can such a life

Provoke a great man's envy?

RUSTAN.

Sir, forgive me:

I must attend the Sultan.

ZANGER.

Vizir, stay:

The Sultan is retir'd. I saw and mark'd
His visage, ruffled with tempestuous passions.
I know the dreadful cause: thou too must know,
Some instant peril menaces a life

That mine but lives in. RUSTAN, by the names,
The sacred names of honor and renown!
Now join thy influence with mine, and save
The noblest of his race.

RUSTAN.

RUSTAN.

Save whom, young Prince?

ZANGER.

Whom! holds the world a second MUSTAPHA?

Vizir, believe me, this one glorious deed,
Were thy life stain'd and foul with every crime,
Would wash out all.

RUSTAN.

You much amaze me, Prince.

Is it for me to trace the secret springs
That act my sovereign's will? or cross its workings?
Be far that curious rashness from my thought.
But what alarms you thus? I have not learnt
What fate impends o'er MUSTAPHA—and yet
Suppose——'twere death.

ZANGER.

Ha! Vizir——

RUSTAN.

Yours, my Lord,

Is all the gain.

ZANGER.

O Prophet!

RUSTAN.

He remov'd,

You are this empire's heir.

ZANGER.

By that sole Being
Who governs all events! I would not reign,
In wrong to him, the master of mankind.

RUSTAN.

Fine air-built notions, Prince. The wise have thought,
That power, howe'er acquir'd, is sovereign good.
Devoted to your service, let me speak
With useful freedom. Be advis'd in time;

Renounce a friendship that avails not him,
And may to you prove fatal.

ZANGER.

Sure thou dost not,
All-statesman as thou art, thou canst not mean
The horrors thou hast utter'd? Were I, Vizir,
This empire's lord, my first, my dearest care,
Should be rewarding thee, even to the full,
For giving righteous counsel.

RUSTAN.

My advice
Bespeaks my hearty love, and merits not
Such harsh and proud return.

ZANGER.

Thou earth-born slave!—

I thought to have restrain'd me——but thy baseness
Arrouses me beyond dissembling.——No:
Thy counsel perish with thee——Heaven! is he,
Are such as he the men whom princes trust?
And must the fate, the safety or destruction
Of millions, each less guilty than himself,
Hang on the breath of one whom thou must hate?
O providence! is human race no more
The object of thy care?——Why end I not,
Even here, his life and crimes?

RUSTAN.

Prince, have a care:
Nay handle not your sword. These starts of youth,
Swelling and frantic, touch not, move not me.
Yet know——that but for her, my royal mistress,
Who loves thee, and to whom my duty bends——
This threat may cost thee dear.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

ZANGER.

How could I hope
To melt a heart like his? What now remains?
Said he, my mother loves me? then I know
Where even her breast is vulnerable. Yes;
It is determin'd—If my friend must fall;
This righteous sword, thro' mine, shall reach her heart.

SCENE VII.

MUSTAPHA, ZANGER.

ZANGER.

Nature and friendship!—how they tear my bosom?
How wound my inmost soul?

MUSTAPHA.

What means my brother?

ZANGER.

I know not what has wrought this fatal change:
Some moments past, the Sultan cross'd my walk;
His brow was knit in frowns, his eye look'd ruin—
This villain-statesman too has talk'd such things!—
Thy ruin is resolv'd on.

MUSTAPHA.

Be it so.

Life is beneath my care; nor can I wish
To wear it longer, if a father deems me
Unworthy to partake the common blessing,
All creatures share in.

ZANGER.

MUSTAPHA, no more.

Self-

Self-preservation is heaven's eldest law,
 Imprest upon our nature with our life
 In characters indelible. Who shrinks
 From this great cause is wanting to his reason :
 But when our honor is traduc'd and stab'd at,
 'Tis virtue, 'tis heroic fortitude,
 Then to encounter violence with force.

MUSTAPHA.
 What force, my ZANGER, shall a son employ
 Against the sacred life that gave him being?
 In me, resistance would be parricide :
 That guilt I dread ; I cannot fear to die.

ZANGER.
 Fly then : prevent th' enormous guilt of others
 By timely flight.

MUSTAPHA.
 And so avow the crime
 My foes would fix, in all its blackness, on me ?
 Such cowardice were treason to my self.
 Think, ZANGER, for us both.

ZANGER.
 What can I think,
 But that you charm th' unhappy breast you wound ?
 O MUSTAPHA !—yet can your virtue bear
 To see our father stain himself with blood ?
 The blood that Nature, Honor, bid him spare ?
 He is no more the Monarch, Europe, Asia,
 Have trembled at. His amorous weakness grows
 To dotage : and has robb'd him of himself.
 Slave to a woman's will—I would forget
 She gave me birth—and to a minister,
 Familiar with all guilt ; behold his sword,
 That should be drawn for justice, turn'd to murder !
 To perpetrate th' offence it should revenge !
 And will not you by honest flight prevent

His

His sin and shame? prevent the sure reproach
That must descend for ever on his name?
The brand of murderer?

MUSTAPHA.

ZANGER, should I fly—

No other choice is mine—I must unsheathe
The all-devouring sword. Then what ensues?
Revolt, intestine broils, the baneful train
Of crimes and miseries that wait on war.
Shall I, good heaven! to breathe this idle air
A few years longer, load me with the sins
And blood of thousands? shake an empire's peace,
Unhinge its frame, and rend it with convulsions?
Is life worth saving at such mighty cost?
Compar'd with this, can death be terrible?

ZANGER.

The crime is theirs who force you into arms.
On them alone, the rapines that shall waste,
The flames that shall devour, our fields, our towns,
The blood that shall be spilt, for ever rests.
Yet more; a Prince's life is not his own:
Not for himself, he lives for human race.
This universal duty to your kind
Cancels all private bonds. The future bliss,
Or woe of millions, you were born to rule,
Hangs on your great resolve.

MUSTAPHA.

I hear with wonder

The glorious counsel which I must not take.
No end is noble where the means are base.
What? violate allegiance, duty, nature?
Wade on thro' cruelty, rebellion, ruin?
Thro' all the varied guiltiness of war?
And rise to empire by ten thousand horrors,
That subjects may, at last, have cause to bless

A sovereign, thus exalted?—No, my friend;
 Heaven means not me its instrument of good,
 If but by ways like these I must effect it.
 Brother—farewel: I leave the world with joy,
 Leaving it thee!

ZANGER.

O cruel—godlike friend!

Canst thou resolve on death, and bid me live?

MUSTAPHA.

Yes, live, my brother, live to bless mankind;
 Shew wondering nations what a Monarch should be;
 Heaven's true Vicegerent, whose superior soul,
 Rais'd high above the tyrant's selfish pooriness,
 Pants but for power of doing good, rejects
 All power of doing ill; who makes no war
 But to revenge his people's wrongs, no peace
 But what secures their safety; courts no fame
 But from their happiness: a parent he,
 The public parent; they not slaves, but sons.

ZANGER.

Thou shalt not go. This moment yet remains;
 Perhaps the last—Does friendship plead in vain?
 Yet if thine ear is deaf to ZANGER's call—
 Think of EMIRA! think of her, my brother,
 To whom thy soul has wedded all its wishes!
 Canst thou abandon her? be deaf to love?
 The pleading voice of love, and youth, and beauty,
 Despairing, dying in thy death?

MUSTAPHA.

Ah friend,

What hast thou done? Why dost thou sound my heart,
 To shew me I am man? frail, fearful man?
 Why, ZANGER, hast thou brought to light a weakness,
 I would have kept in darkness from all eyes?
 Even from my self? or wept in silence o'er it,
 My last unconquerable fondness?

ZANGER.

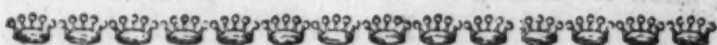
ZANGER.

See! —

She comes. What grace, what noble sweetness shines,
Victorious, in her opening spring of charms!

MUSTAPHA.

O go, my brother; leave me to my self:
My heart runs o'er with passion, nor can bear
Even a friend's eye should read its tender follies.



SCENE VIII.

EMIRA, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

EMIRA!

EMIRA.

Prince!—what mean these eager tremblings?
This troubled silence?

MUSTAPHA.

O my soul's best joy!

At sight of thee, I feel—I know not what:
My beating heart is all a soft confusion
Of fears and wishes, tenderness and tears—
Blest heaven!

EMIRA.

My Lord!—why are you thus alarm'd?
Ah! have you then deceiv'd me? Was the peace,
The reconcilment with your royal father
But feign'd to soothe me with betraying hopes?
Cruel—

MUSTAPHA.

EMIRA, I am much to blame:
And manhood murmurs at the fond consent
That has expos'd thee, in this doubtful journey,
To danger and alarms. Love made me weak,

H

Even

Even made me cruel!

EMIRA.

Prince, why am I yours
But to divide your cares? to share your fortunes?
I feel no danger, MUSTAPHA, but thine;
No fears but for thy safety.

MUSTAPHA.

Knowing that,
I know too much, and therefore am most wretched!

EMIRA.

Ha! thou art pale—why dost thou hide thee from me?
What fatal change has happen'd?

MUSTAPHA.

Dear EMIRA!

Thou amiable goodness! stop these tears.
There is no present danger; none, my love.
But let me place thee safe beyond the din,
Beyond the rage of war—for war is threaten'd.
Now while the friendly shades of night descend,
Let ACHMET guide thee hence.

EMIRA.

Inhuman! oh—

You hide some horrid secret from mine ear.
What leave thee? fly with ACHMET at this hour?
Must then EMIRA be the last to know,
She is for ever wretched?

MUSTAPHA.

No, my Love:

Our parting shall be short—Nay hang not on me:
Resist not with thy tears. I must a while,
Refusing thee, deny my soul its comfort—
See ACHMET comes.—'Tis well. Retire at once.

[Achmet whispers him.]

Angels conduct thy steps!

EMIRA.

O lost EMIRA!

SCENE



S C E N E IX.

MUSTAPHA, OSMAN.

OSMAN.

The Sultan, on whose head be peace and blessing !
Commands, my Lord, you should expect his pleasure
Alone in that pavilion.

MUSTAPHA.

I obey.

O heaven-born patience ! source of peace and rest,
Descend ; infuse thy spirit thro' my breast ;
That I may calmly meet the hour of fate,
My foes forgive and triumph o'er their hate.
This body let their engines tear and grind :
But let not all their racks subdue my mind.

The End of the Third Act.

H 2

A C T



ACT IV, SCENE I.

RUSTAN, MUFTI.

RUSTAN.

THE night looks black and boding. Darkness fell
 Precipitate and heavy o'er the world;
 At once extinguishing the sun; and lo!
 What clouds ascending deepen shade on shade.
 Some ruffling storm is nigh. But are we safe?
 Are we alone? I would be shrouded close
 From mortal eye and ear. Lift—

MUFTI.

All is still.

RUSTAN.

Then tell me—for my soul impatient longs
 To hear the news—What has our dreaded Lord
 At last resolv'd?

MUFTI.

I follow'd to his tent.

The scene was terrible. His mind appear'd
 A mighty ocean stir'd by fighting winds.
 His pace uncertain, fury in his aspect,
 His bosom heaving with convulsive thoughts,
 By turns he cast his eyes severe on heaven;
 By turns he bent them gloomy on the ground:
 A pause of silence where dumb horror reign'd,
 More wild and more expressive to the sight,
 Than on the ear the storm of words can pour.

RUSTAN.

RUSTAN.

Proceed, my Lord.

MUFTI.

At last, in broken sounds
By passion render'd vehement, and low ;
“ MUFTI, he cry'd, how says our sacred law?
“ What doom inflicts it on a trusted slave,
“ Who plots destruction to his master's house?
“ In close conjunction with their foe profess,
“ A rancorous heretic—”

RUSTAN.

He meant the *Persian*;
Who long has courted MUSTAPHA in private.
Well, you reply'd—

MUFTI.

His blood be on my head.
Thus stain'd and black with complicated guilt,
He merits more than death ; chief for his league
With heretics, a race on earth abhor'd,
Accurst of heaven.

RUSTAN.

Ay, that was well, my Lord ;
And after SOLYMAN's own heart. I hope
You urg'd it home with weight of argument.

MUFTI.

I did : and prov'd all heresy more black,
More pestilent, than even the false belief
Of Christian dogs. He bow'd his head profound,
Invoking heaven, attesting MAHOMET :
And cry'd—“ This son must perish. Not a world,
“ A pleading world should save him from my justice.”
Then order'd his confinement.

RUSTAN.

Ha ! confinement ?

By AZRAEL, the angel that must sever
His soul and mortal part ! I was in hopes,

Hs

His execution, MUFTI, had been order'd.

This tardy vengeance dashes half my joys:

'Tis dangerous, and may be deadly to us.

Would I had ne'er embark'd on this wild sea,

Where tempest ever rages!—conscience too

Now sharpens all her stings—

MUFTI.

Away, my Lord;

What are you doing but what thousand statesmen,

Who liv'd and died in fame, have done before you?

He shall not scape. I have fresh accusations,

That with the Sultan's piety will weigh

More strong than all his crimes. This MUSTAPHA

Is a rank unbeliever.

RUSTAN.

How, my Lord?

This news revives my heart.

MUFTI.

Inflam'd with zeal,

And holy hatred to the foes of heaven,

Jews, Christians, who pollute our pious land,

I would have wrought that boy to prompt his father

In giving to the sword those infidels.

What was his answer, think you?

RUSTAN.

I can guess:

Some libertine reply.

MUFTI.

'Twas 'most profane!

He pointed to a plain that lay before us,

Profusely gay with flowers—"Admire, he cry'd,

"Wise nature's various hand: a thousand colors

"A thousand odors, greet the sight and smell.

"Fair suns arise, and genial dews descend

"To foster all alike: and in return,

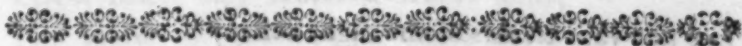
"They waft their mingled incense to the sky,

" A

"A grateful offering there. Perhaps 'tis so
 "With difference in opinions: this at least,
 "They have their use; nor shall they want protection,
 "While those who hold them live, as subjects should,
 "In amity and peace, promoting each
 "The general wealth, observant of the laws,
 "And to their sovereign true."—He said: and turn'd
 Abruptly from me, frowning scorn and anger.

RUSTAN.

I thank thee for this news: but go, my Lord,
 Watch near the Sultan's door. I will the while
 Walk here and meditate.



SCENE II.

RUSTAN.

Uncertainty!

Fell demon of our fears! the human soul,
 That can support despair, supports not thee!
 The son yet lives—the father may relent:
 What then becomes of RUSTAN?—By the night!
 By this dead darkness that involves the world!
 The murderer, in some lonesome dungeon sunk,
 Not with more dread, more shaking apprehension,
 Awaits the hour, the midnight hour that brings
 Back from his tomb, in hideous visitation,
 The bleeding Shadow of the slain—than I
 The issue of this thing.—Hush—



SCENE III.

ROXOLANA, RUSTAN.

ROXOLANA.

RUSTAN! speak,
 Say, is it done?

RUSTAN.

RUSTAN.

O would to heaven it were !
Or ne'er had been attempted !

ROXOLANA.

Be of courage.

Expect the fatal mandate that at once
Will end all fears.

RUSTAN.

I wait it with the dread,
The agoniz'd impatience of a man
Who listens for the sentence that must save,
Or end his being—Sure I heard a noise !

ROXOLANA.

Let not vain terrors of the night destroy
Thy strength of reason. Arm thee for th' event.
Where is Prince ZANGER ?

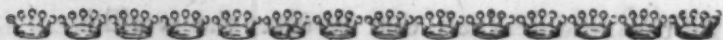
RUSTAN.

Madam, we are observ'd.

'Tis he—

ROXOLANA.

Leave us.—I see him much disturb'd.



SCENE IV.

ROXOLANA, ZANGER.

ROXOLANA, *after a pause.*

Why art thou silent ? What hath mov'd thee thus ?

ZANGER.

I would have read my sentence in your eyes ;
Whether they doom your son to life or death.

ROXOLANA.

What wouldst thou say ?

ZANGER.

O hear me ; hear and save :
Screen my lov'd brother from the shameful fate

That

That hovers o'er him. Fly, prevent a father—
 You only can—from plunging into blood :
 And from the sting of conscience that will goad him
 To his last hour.

ROXOLANA.

ZANGER, I know thy follies.
 Deaf to ambition's glorious call, and blind
 To sovereign power that spreads its dazzling charms,
 The ruling sceptre, starry diadem,
 Before thy sight and now within thy reach ;
 Unspirited and poor ! thou wouldst depend
 For food and raiment on another's nod :
 Grow basely old, unactive, lost to fame,
 Nor know the peasant's privilege, to eat
 Thy wretched meal secure : but still unsafe,
 And trembling still, each fearful hour expect,
 As rage or caprice guides thy tyrant's will,
 The bowl or poniard.

ZANGER.

Be more just to both.
 Nor would I suffer, nor will he impose,
 Such brutal treatment. O you know him not :
 A soul with every goodness, every worth,
 Enrich'd, accomplish'd—

ROXOLANA.

I will hear no more.
 A mother's fondness for thee bids me pity
 What else my heart would scorn : and leave thy blindness
 To its due portion of contempt and wrongs.
 Shake off this dull simplicity of soul,
 Unworthy me, defeating all my schemes
 For empire and for glory. Every aim,
 Th' important travel of my thoughts, is all
 For thee alone. Awake, expand thy views
 To greatness, and deserve my noble cares.

ZANGER.

O sacred honor ! does some dire illusion

I

Dazle'

Dazle my sense?—I view my self with horror!
 Heaven! was I born to be the bane of virtue?
 To banish from her heart, who gave me life,
 All human thoughts? all goodness?

ROXOLANA.

Thou hast learnt
 Of MUSTAPHA! and art, I find, right apt
 To profit by such lessons!—yet—be wise:
 He who adopts his crimes may share his fate!

ZANGER.

What are his crimes?

ROXOLANA.

His birth-right. He was born
 To reign thy master: he might live to see
 A slave in ROXOLANA.

ZANGER.

Yet, 'tis heaven,
 Not MUSTAPHA, you should accuse.

ROXOLANA.

Accuse?

No; fruitless, fond complaining suits not me.
 I will prevent, and punish.

ZANGER.

Then strike here:

I am the criminal.

ROXOLANA.

Thy folly is;
 Thy milky softness uninform'd, unwarm'd
 By brave ambition.

ZANGER.

Rather say, not fear'd
 By hate, not savag'd by remorseless rage.

ROXOLANA.

How! does thy madness lose all reverent sense
 Of love and duty to a parent due?
 Unnatural and ingrate!

ZANGER.

ZANGER.

What is my fault ?

ROXOLANA.

All I am doing for thee.

ZANGER.

Have I wish'd ?

Have I contriv'd that guilt ?

ROXOLANA.

Yet is it thine.

The guilt is his who profits by it.

ZANGER.

No:

Such gains my soul renounces. Can a world
 A purchas'd world advantage him, who pays
 His virtue for the purchase?—Yet recall,
 My mother, O recall your better mind, [*he kneels.*
 That feeling pity, that soft sense of goodness,
 The grace and glory of the gentler sex.
 Now, Madam, while the Sultan's awful will
 Yet wavers unresolv'd ; address his mercy,
 His justice, save him from the worst of crimes !
 These moments are most precious——

ROXOLANA.

ZANGER, rise,

And heedful mark me——'tis my last advice,
 My kindest—Rouse thee from this dreaming fondness,
 This soul-debasing narrowness of purpose,
 Resolve to second me, to aid my views ;
 Or share thy brother's fate.

ZANGER.

His fate I envy.

He dies with all his virtue, all his fame :
 Nor is his parting soul insulted, poison'd,
 By such dire offers—Gracious heaven !

ROXOLANA.

Go on.

ZANGER.

146 M U S T A P H A.

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By such dire offers—Gracious heaven!

ROXOLANA.

Go on.

ZANGER.

ZANGER.

I dare not : nature, honor, cheque my tongue.

ROXOLANA.

'Tis well—thou voluntary wretch ! henceforth

I hold thee as an alien to my love.

Tremble. This hand may send thee——

ZANGER.

Should it prove

Another murderous present——

ROXOLANA.

Ha !

ZANGER.

'Twould be

More welcome than an empire on such terms.

ROXOLANA.

Thy choice be thine. I cast thee from my heart ;

Renounce thee ; know thee for no son of mine.

Thou slave in soul ! this moment is thy last :

This moment joins thee to thy brother's doom !

[returning.]

ZANGER—be warn'd.—I feel I love thee still——

The mother rises o'er the woman's rage,

And bids me spare thee——'Tis thy cause I plead——

Inhuman ! why are all my cares, my labors,

If not for thee !——Reply not : but obey——

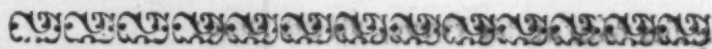
Thou seest my tears : in them the parent see——

Distract me not : my life is in thy hands,

My fame, my all on earth !——Remember too,

That from this hour my blessing, or my curse,

Is thine for ever !



S C E N E V.

ZANGER.

O there needs not that :

'Tis curse enough that I was born of thee.

Supreme

Supreme Disposer of the world!——But no;
 I dare not imprecate thy vengeance here!
 What can I more? My thoughts are one wild whirl
 Of horror and despair——Ah Princess!



S C E N E VI.

EMIRA, ZANGER.

EMIRA.

Brother!

Where is my Lord?—They would have torn me hence;
 Have carried me to safe inglorious distance:
 Love would not hear of parting!

ZANGER.

Heaven and earth

Conspire against us! Whither shall I turn me?
 What shall I counsel thee——But see——the Sultan!

EMIRA.

Ah where?

ZANGER.

EMIRA——on this moment hangs
 Our last, our only hope.——Fall at his knees,
 Beseech, adjure him. Youth and grace like thine
 May reach his soul, and melt him into nature.
 Disclose thy story: tell him with thy tears,
 With all the moving softness of distress,
 The secret of your hearts. Who knows but heaven
 May greatly interpose its sovereign aid
 For injur'd virtue and imploring love——
 But I must hence unseen.

EMIRA.

Alarming trial!

S C E N E



S C E N E VII.

SOLYMAN, EMIRA.

SOLYMAN.

In change of place there is no change of pain.
 Contending passions urging each its claim,
 Tear up my bosom with intestine war.
 Shall treason go unpunish'd? Shall I dip
 My hands in filial blood? O fatal choice!
 O cruel conflict! Have I liv'd till now
 A parent—not a murderer? Must I late,
 When my white age is bending to the grave,
 Pollute me with that stain?—O MUSTAPHA!
 Thou hast undone my fame——

What bright unknown

Attracts my eyes, and charms away my rage.
 Fancy not fairer paints those heaven-born maids,
 Daughters of paradise, for ever young,
 For ever blooming; who on beds of flowers,
 By streams of living waters, soft repose
 To crown th' immortal bliss of happy souls
 With raptures unconceiv'd—She kneels! and weeps!

EMIRA.

O royal SOLYMAN——

SOLYMAN.

Say, beauteous maid,
 What may this posture mean?

EMIRA.

Supreme of monarchs,
 Renown'd for virtues, greatly good and just,
 Let not a helpless stranger plead in vain!
 I beg for mercy.

SOLYMAN.

Mercy? Can thy youth,

Can

Can charms like thine want honor? want protection?
You must not kneel.

EMIRA.

Unhappy MUSTAPHA——

SOLYMAN.

Ha! what of him?

EMIRA.

Is innocent, my Lord;

Is clear of every crime against a father,
Whom more than life he loves.

SOLYMAN.

This would be scan'd.

You know him then.

EMIRA.

Believe these streaming eyes;

Truth is not fairer, nor is faith more loyal.
O by your just renown, by all your hopes
Of peace on earth, of paradise on high,
Be timely warn'd: revoke the dreadful doom,
That, giving him to death, will ruin you!
Will kill your sweet repose of heart for ever!

SOLYMAN.

Amazement all!—Thy words, thy mournful action
Confound my thought. Say, speak, how is the fate
Of MUSTAPHA thy care?

EMIRA.

O SOLYMAN!

O father of th'unhappy——

SOLYMAN.

O my soul!

What can she mean?—Go on.

EMIRA.

O pardon him!

Have pity on us both!—I am——his wife——

SOLYMAN.

Confusion!—wife!

EMIRA.

Arm not your eye with anger.

If

If 'tis a crime——revenge it all on me :
And in my gushing blood——

SOLYMAN.

Rack me no more.

Resume thy senses : tell me who thou art.

EMIRA.

Alas, my Lord, you tremble with your passion.
But hear me with indulgence——By the love
I bear your son ; th' observant faith we both
Profess for SOLYMAN——all may be well.
I bring the noblest dowry to his arms ;
Peace to your realms, a potent monarch's friendship
On happy terms obtain'd.

SOLYMAN.

Am I awake ?

Speak, speak, and ease my soul.

EMIRA.

I am——

SOLYMAN.

Well, say.

EMIRA.

The Sophy's daughter.

SOLYMAN.

Ha!

EMIRA.

The eldest born

Of Persia——

SOLYMAN.

Hell and horror ! heard I true ?

Of Persia ? daughter of my mortal foe ?——

At length his treasons all are come to light——

Perfidious ! lying slave !

EMIRA.

O no, my Lord :

By him who sees the soul, he is not false.

He never knew a thought——

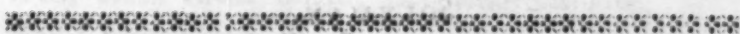
SOLYMAN.

Away——he dies !

Should

M U S T A P H A. 153

Should I and all my kingdoms perish with him.
 What hoa——Conduct her to the womens' tent:
 Let ROXOLANA keep her safe.——'Tis done.
 The conflict's ended. OSMAN—



S C E N E VIII.

SOLYMAN, OSMAN.

SOLYMAN.

Art thou privy

To this conspiracy?

OSMAN.

My Lord?

SOLYMAN.

I stood

Even on the verge, th' extremest verge of fate:
 And one step more—I doubted her I love,
 Her who has sav'd me—OSMAN, he shall die!
 Call RUSTAN; bid the mutes be ready——Stay.
 This cool dissembler, this smooth hypocrite,
 What can he now alledge?—Bring him before me.

OSMAN.

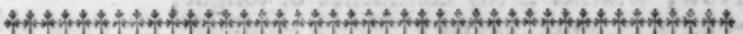
Whom, gracious Sir?

SOLYMAN.

Him.—Dost thou linger, slave?

This rage disturbs my reason.——MUSTAPHA.

O wretched SOLYMAN!



S C E N E IX.

SOLYMAN, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

You speak not, Sir;

You see me not. If I appear before you,
 Tho' guiltless, with confusion; not these bonds,
 Nor what more fatal may ensue alarms me:

K

The

The man who knows no crime should know no fear ;
And yet a father's frown can shake my heart.

Sir, if I may be heard ; if innocence
Thus wrong'd and suffering——

SOLYMAN.

I will cheque the storm
That heaves within, and would o'erflow all bounds.
Justice alone shall try him and condemn.
And yet——shall treason thus, detected treason,
Profane the language of fair loyalty ?

MUSTAPHA.

Treason ! O by my soul's immortal life,
This curst sedition less offended you,
Than it afflicted your unhappy son.

SOLYMAN.

Of that my heart has labour'd to acquit thee.
Turn this way : raise thine eyes aloft to mine,
And fix their beams with steady gaze upon me——
“Who knows no crime, thou sayst, should know no fear.”
Now answer me——Art thou not join'd in league ?
In hellish compact with thy father's foes ?
Art thou not——married ?

MUSTAPHA.

Heaven !

SOLYMAN.

Ha ! does this truth
Flash just conviction on thee ? strike thee dumb ?
Now, whither is thy confidence of tongue,
Thy daring licence fled ?

MUSTAPHA.

Then——farewel, Hope !
Yet——let me die the same I still have liv'd,
Above all falsehood, all dissimulation.

am, my Lord : and but for that mad tumult,
Which broke our evening's talk abruptly off,
(So angry heaven decreed) I had even then,
In all the plainness of discovery, laid

The secret at your feet ; from full belief,
My action, try'd by candor as by justice,
Must have procur'd forgiveness to my self ;
And to EMIRA, crown'd with every grace,
With every virtue bright, your tenderest love.
May I proceed !

SOLYMAN.

Proceed ? What canst thou add,
What can I hear, but rising proofs on proofs,
That I am miserable, thou most base ?

MUSTAPHA.

I plead not now for life : nor would I hold it
Dishonor'd by a father's deep distrust,
Embitter'd by his hate. I would but lighten
Th' imputed guilt that weighs upon my name.

My foes, I knew, my unrelenting foes
Were high in your regard, trusted, lov'd ;
Attach'd with no less faith to you, than fix'd
And in close league combin'd—to ruin me.
Their power in all its dark extent I saw ;
Its baleful influence felt. The law of heaven,
The voice of reason, urg'd me to preserve
My self from death, my father from a crime.
Against inveterate, unabating hate,
I sought protection, sought a sure retreat :
And found it in the *Persian* monarch's love.
Weary of war's fell ravage, wishing rest,
He gave his blooming daughter to my arms,
And with her those fair provinces your sword
Had won and lost by turns ; to be annex'd
For ever to your empire, on such terms
Of peace, as you and justice might approve.
Behold, my Lord, even in its last recess,
The heart of MUSTAPHA !

K 2

SOLYMAN.

SOLYMAN.

Well—thou hast said.

Is there aught more?

MUSTAPHA.

My Lord, to life or death

Indifferent, as impatient of dishonor,

Resign'd, unfearing, I expect my fate.

But oh—EMIRA!—On my knee, for her,

Who but for being mine had been most happy,

I beg a father's dear regard.

SOLYMAN.

Retire.



SCENE X.

SOLYMAN.

[RUSTAN enters at a distance.]

Why does my straining eye pursue his steps?

Out, foolish nature; leave me to the thoughts

That suit a monarch. He, or I must fall.

'Tis rage no more: 'tis reason's deep alarm,

Abruptly waken'd o'er the startling view

Of precipice and ruin full before her:

May I believe my senses? How! a son

Aspiring, popular, lov'd and brave,

His very virtues formidably great,

Combin'd, confederate with my mortal foe?

Even wedded to his daughter? young and fair,

And mighty o'er a husband's ductile heart!

To drive his passions, and inflame his will

With each curst purpose of her father's hate.

And shall a tale by smooth-tongu'd cunning fram'd

Stagger my heart, or soothe me to false peace?

No, rouse thee, SOLYMAN, and shew mankind,

Imperial justice knows no ties of blood.

RUSTAN,

RUSTAN, approach. Prepare thy band of mutes ;
The sternest of the tribe. The night is dismal,
And dreadful deeds shall close it.

SCENE XI.

RUSTAN.

That were well.

They shall be ready : ROXOLANA too
Shall fix the great resolve. Arise, ye powers,
Who aid conspiracy in her sad musings ;
Engage his head, his heart, till this be done,
And crown the work of fate your selves begun.

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

ZANGER, ACHMET.

ACHMET.

THE hour grows more tempestuous.

ZANGER.

Not a star

Remains unquench'd ; but total blackness fills
The vault of night.

ACHMET.

Look, from the turbid south

What floods of flame in red diffusion burst,
Frequent and furious, darted thro' the dark
And broken ridges of a thousand clouds,
Pil'd hill on hill : and hark, the thunder rous'd
Groans in long roarings thro' the distant gloom.

ZANGER.

'Tis well : and we, O heaven ! revere thy voice,
Thy voice of terror, meant to shake the hearts
Of guilty men. What withers their resolves,
Lends force to ours. ACHMET, if honor lives
Within thy breast ; if this tremendous call
Can wake thee to a deed of noble daring,
Now save thy master.

ACHMET.

Prince, command my service.

Be life or death the sequel, I have learnt,
When honor calls, undoubting to obey.
This worthy part is ours : th' event we leave
To heaven's all-ruling care.

ZANGER.

I need not say,

In

In saving MUSTAPHA, we save the friend
Of virtue, of mankind. But how? alas!
For I have founded all a mother's heart,
Each source of tenderness profess'd for me,
In favor of this brother—and in vain!
The Sultan too, inexorable, deaf
Even to EMIRA's voice! has seal'd his doom.
Amid the silence of the midnight hour,
A shameful death awaits him!

ACHMET.

Judge supreme!

Is such the lot for innocence decreed?
What can we do?

ZANGER.

Brave ACHMET, true, the camp
Lies plung'd in slumber: but the troops adore
This injur'd virtue. Rouse the nearest bands:
Then, on a signal given, rush we at once
Into the guilty room; and bear him thence
Among th' expecting soldiers.

ACHMET.

By the storm

That thunders round us with redoubling peals!
The brave design has fir'd me: I will save,
Or perish greatly with him. Knows the Prince
Of our intention?

ZANGER.

No; nor were it safe
To trust his scrupulous virtue with the secret,
Above all fear of death, he would not risque
A life this way, to make his own immortal.
Then give we honor strict as his no cause
To disavow our action; let no blood,
Even of his executioners, be spilt.

ACHMET.

We will not stain an enterprize of justice
With

160 M U S T A P H A.

With deeds of cruelty. That care be mine.
What shall the signal be?

ZANGER.

A blazing torch
Wav'd thrice amid the trees that shade this tent,
My watch is there.

ACHMET.

Enough.

ZANGER.

Farewel,

ACHMET.

Yet say,

Where do we meet?

ZANGER.

Behind the blasted pine

That bounds the last pavilion.

ACHMET.

Prince, remember,

My service shall not linger: if I fall,
'Tis as a foldier should.

ZANGER.

Away—the Vizir

Is coming towards us.

SCENE II.

ROXOLANA, MUFTI, RUSTAN.

ROXOLANA.

MUFTI, what a night
Is roaring o'er us! My frail woman's heart
Quakes at the loudning horror of the storm?
What mean the angry skies?

MUFTI.

I have observ'd,
When the soul labors with some mighty purpose
That dread and danger usher into birth,

Fancy

Fancy alarm'd fees in each accident
A heaven-sent omen ; of her own vain fears
Shapes fiends or ghosts ; embodies empty space,
Pours terror on th' unreal form : then shrinks
Appall'd and trembling from her own creation.
Why, this tempestuous time respects not us ;
Or it befriends our purpose.

RUSTAN.

True, great Princess.
The soldiers all are hush'd : the camp is now
Still as the midnight desert. Even the factious,
Whose prying curiosity had else
Been buzzing round us, tremble in their tents,
Awe-struck ; nor dare assemble while the heavens
Are blazing round their heads.

MUFTI.

Madam, see here—
And give full scope to joy—behold the scroll
That numbers MUSTAPHA among the dead !

ROXOLANA.

Yet, Mufti, was it hardly gain'd. The combat
'Twixt love and vengeance in his father's breast,
Like agonizing nature ere it yields
To death's last dart, held strong and terrible.

MUFTI.

Nor had the son's accumulated crimes
Met their due punishment, but for your skill,
Your known ascendant o'er the Sultan's heart,
All-open to your influence.—Take it, Vizir,
Th' important schedule ; and see justice done
On this our enemy.

RUSTAN.

O I could give
A loose to rapture !—But the time forbids.
When must he die ?

MUFTI.

Destruction hovers o'er him,
L These

These moments are his last. So wills the Sultan :
And has shut up his tent from all access,
Till this be done.

ROXOLANA.

Now, now indeed I live !

Now am I blest ! O friends, you both shall task
Henceforth my dearest interest in your service.
Fly, RUSTAN, plant strong watch at every gate,
At every avenue : let none go forth,
None enter, till the morning shines abroad.

RUSTAN.

All is prepar'd. The slaves are ready arm'd,
A numerous band : and I will post them strait
With watchful secrecy.—Now, MUSTAPHA,
Thy boasted victories, the courted love
Of giddy multitudes that hail'd, this morn,
Thy short-liv'd triumph—what avail they now ?
That pageant show will but embitter thought,
But aid thy foes to torture thee in death.
Come, Mufti : to our task.



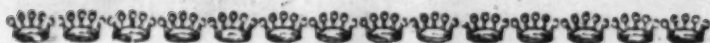
SCENE III.

ROXOLANA.

I am alone !

My bosom pants with ardent expectation,
And dreadful hope ! O wou'd this hour were past !
The solitary horror of my thoughts
Dismays me—Who goes there ?—His wife !—I would
not
Now hear her fond complainings.

SCENE



SCENE IV.

EMIRA, ROXOLANA.

EMIRA.

Fly not, Madam:

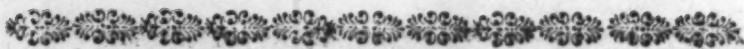
For misery has sure a mournful right
To pity, even to reverence. If your soul
Is truly royal, and adorns the height
Of your imperial fortune, you will weep
The woes you have not known. If mercy lives,
If gentleness yet holds her softest seat,
Where once she joy'd to dwell, a woman's breast;—
O ROXOLANA—by these melting eyes!
By this imploring posture! now exert
Your thousand ways of charming him you love!
Wake nature, reason, in his heart; to save
A hero who supports his throne, a son
Who fears no death but from a father's frown.
Think, for this noble act, how fair your name,
How bright with praise, to nations yet unborn
All-lovely will descend!—You hear me not.
Ah, Madam, this way bend your sight: in me
No common suppliant kneels. I once believ'd—
O groundless pride!—that but to heaven alone
I could have bow'd me thus!

ROXOLANA.

My wonder, Princess,
Has kept me silent: let it plead my pardon
That you have knelt so long. Nay, dry your tears:
My self will send the Prince to your embrace,
And end for ever all your doubts and fears.

L 2

SCENE



S C E N E V,

EMIRA.

What insolence of cruelty, what cold,
 Unfeeling pride fate mocking in her eye !
 O man ! what savage bears a heart like thine,
 Till thy own ills have taught thee social sense !
 And soften'd thee to goodness !—MUSTAPHA !



S C E N E VI.

EMIRA, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

Am I so blest once more to see thy face ?
 Once more to press thee in my faithful arms ?
 O transport even in death !

EMIRA.

Death ! guard me, Love ;
 Defend me, heaven, from that distracting thought !
 O most inhuman Queen !—What ! lose thee then ?
 Thus lose thee—in thy flowering spring of life ?
 With all thy honors green and fragrant on thee ?

MUSTAPHA.

If I have right employ'd this scanty span,
 'Tis life's full measure : honor is old age.
 Were I not torn from thee, from thy lov'd bosom
 To die is to be happy. Gracious heaven
 In mercy to mankind has made life short ;
 Else wrongs and sufferings, our sure portion here,
 Would be supportless load !

EMIRA.

O heaven and earth !
 Shall ruffians, mercenary slaves, enur'd
 To murders, recent from the basest crimes,

Attempt

Attempt thy sacred life ?

MUSTAPHA.

The cause alone

For which we suffer makes death terrible.

What can he more, with all his terrors arm'd,

When we oppose fair virtue to his blow,

But first enlarge the soul to liberty ?

And then to bliss immortal ? I will meet him,

This foe of nature, with the same calm brow

I oft have seen and fought him thro' the ranks

Of raging war—To spare a father's crime,

Would I had found him there !

EMIRA.

Are then my hopes

All fled for ever ?—Have I liv'd to this ?

O MUSTAPHA—yet let me share thy fate :

Yes, perish with thee. From thy firmer heart

My weakness will draw strength, and meet the doom,

That must involve us both, serene and fearless.

MUSTAPHA.

Thou angel-virtue ! this is death's sharp pang,

This tenderness that pains me into agony.

Thy lover and thy husband who should shield,

Should cover thee from every fear, alas !

Is trembling with thy softness !

EMIRA.

My lov'd Lord !

Soul of my wishes ! glory of my thoughts !

Your father—has he then renounc'd that name ?

Cast from his heart humanity and honor ?

Can it be possible ?——Yet let me fly,

Affault him, pierce him with my tears, and wake

The god within his breast !

MUSTAPHA.

My gentle love,

It will not be. The secret of our nuptials

Untimely

Untimely told, betray'd I know not how,
Has fix'd my doom irrevocable.

EMIRA.

Oh!——

My Lord! my life!

MUSTAPHA.

Why dost thou tremble? why
With this convulsive ardor grasp my hand?

EMIRA.

Ah MUSTAPHA——

MUSTAPHA.

What wouldst thou say? My hour
Is hasting forward.

EMIRA.

Wouldst thou know—O horror!
The cruel, killing foe, the deadly tongue
That has undone thee?

MUSTAPHA.

So may heaven receive
My parting soul, as anger and revenge,
As every passion is extinguish'd here——
All but my love for thee.

EMIRA.

O grief of heart——

When injur'd virtue not upbraids our crime,
But pities, but forgives; the bitter pang
Our soul then feels is every death in one!
Strike here, my Lord.

MUSTAPHA.

Ha! what? My senses all
Recoil to hear thee talk thus.

EMIRA.

Yet shew mercy:
If you not loath me, strike. 'Twas I, alas!
'Twas curst EMIRA's tongue proclaim'd thy secret.

MUSTAPHA.

Thou dearest! thou unequal'd tenderness!
Now am I most prepar'd to lay down life.

My

My heart—I blush to think it could be base—
Was listning to suspicions of some friend,
Whose falseness had undone us. Thou hast sav'd me
From dying with that guilt upon my soul.

EMIRA.

Thy friends are innocent. Even SOLYMAN,
Even fatal ROXOLANA, both were friends
To me——EMIRA was thy only foe.

MUSTAPHA.

Thy words distract me. I shall die a coward,
Forgetful of my name, unworthy thee.
It was the sweet excess of tenderest love,
Led thee to plead a daughter's sacred claim
In SOLYMAN: and sure if aught on earth,
If human influence could have found his heart,
Thy tears, thy truth, thy charms, must have prevail'd.

EMIRA.

O spare me, MUSTAPHA. Each piercing accent
Is a keen sword, and stabs into my heart.
Were I to live after this dear forgiveness,
What were it but to hear, each lingring hour,
Th' upbraiding voice of honor, virtue, duty,
Condemning, lashing my distracted soul
With their severest scorpions. No, EMIRA,
No farther thought of life——

MUSTAPHA.

Yes, you must live;

Or see me die, the last of human race:
O if my fair renown thro' life preserv'd,
And meant a brave example now in death,
Be dear to my EMIRA; she will live
To plead my virtue's cause before a father:
And reconcile him to a son's just fame,
Who living honor'd, and who dying blest him.

EMIRA.

What says my Lord? For all the promis'd joys

Of

Of paradise, I would not see his face :
Nor will I part from thee.

MUSTAPHA.

My hour is come !

I heard th' inexorable Angel call !
His potent voice sounds awful in mine ear !
EMIRA !——Oh——farewel !

EMIRA.

Ha ! who are these ?

MUSTAPHA.

The ministers of fate. [OSMAN and Mutes enter.

EMIRA.

Ye blessed powers !

Save, shield me from their sight !

MUSTAPHA.

Alas—she faints !

O ZANGER ! O my friend ! where now is he ?
Whose hand should comfort and support my love ?
Look on her, heaven : I leave her in thy care.

[The Mutes make signs for him to retire.

I come, my friends. A few tears will have way
At this eternal parting—Dear EMIRA !

OSMAN, look here—and let my father know
What thou hast seen !—One kiss—Her cheek is cold—
One more—O bitter sweet !—And now the pangs
Of death are past.

[EMIRA is carried off.

OSMAN.

My heart weeps blood

At this sad sight !



SCENE VII.

SOLYMAN, OSMAN.

SOLYMAN.

Protect me, heaven !

OSMAN.

My Lord ?

SOLYMAN.

SOLYMAN.

OSMAN, it vanish'd here!

OSMAN.

My gracious sovereign,
What moves you thus? What do your eyes pursue
With such transported gaze?

SOLYMAN.

If parted souls
Can leave the midnight caverns dark and damp,
Where sleeps their mouldering dust, to walk on earth;
This very now, the spectre of a man——
It bore the semblance of my buried father——
Stalk'd pale and terrible athwart my sight!
And glar'd a look of anger as it pass'd!

OSMAN.

Can this be possible?

SOLYMAN.

I saw it plain.

In my lone tent, deaf murmurs struck mine ear,
From airy voices whispering thro' the gloom.
I listen'd: when at once a wave of flame
Burst, dimly flashing round me, and disclos'd
The hideous vision—Look, it bends this way—
Behold it, OSMAN!

OSMAN.

'Tis illusion all.

SOLYMAN.

O night of horrors!——MUSTAPHA! thy fate,
Thy pangs are yet less terrible than mine!

OSMAN, I am most wretched——

OSMAN.

Hark! my Lord,

What shouts! what furious outcries!

M

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

SOLYMAN, OSMAN, RUSTAN.

SOLYMAN.

RUSTAN! ha——

Bleeding and pale!

RUSTAN.

Prince ZANGER——

SOLYMAN.

What of him?

RUSTAN.

To save his brother——But my strength forsakes me——
I die——

SOLYMAN.

Confusion!——raise him up——say on.

RUSTAN.

To save his brother, rous'd the sleeping camp——
I threw my self, with all your gather'd slaves,
To bar their passage——

SOLYMAN.

Is my son escap'd?

RUSTAN.

I faint——my heart pants thick——Too late I see
Th' avenging hand of heaven!——too late I find,
All wickedness is misery!——But yet,
I will not die with unrepented guilt
Upon my parting spirit——MUSTAPHA——
Prophet! forgive me——was most innocent:
And ROXOLANA——

SOLYMAN.

Slave!——thou dy'st too soon:

And hast escap'd my justice——ROXOLANA——
Thou wouldst have said——is false as hell, or thee!

S C E N E

SCENE IX.

Back Scene opening discovers the mutes and soldiers in attitudes of grief round the body of MUSTAPHA. They bring it forward.

ZANGER, *entering.*

Alas! my brother—dead!—Look here, just heaven!
I could not save—but I can perish with thee.

[Stabs himself.]

SOLYMAN.

What hast thou done?—Wert thou too leagu'd against me?
Yet live: my heart forgives, and bids thee live.

ZANGER.

Not universal rule should bribe me now
Longer to breathe this tainted air—My Lord—
By those soft tears of pity and remorse
You shed o'er this sad scene—Support me, friends—
To dying friendship grant this last request—
Beneath one marble let us rest together:
In the same social tomb our human part
Sleep safe and undisturb'd—Now, MUSTAPHA—
Now, I am thine—for ever!

SOLYMAN.

O my sons!

Did ever age produce such god-like worth?
Such matchless friendship?—Ah—what then am I—
Their murderer!—Hide, hide me from that thought.
O let me plunge into profoundest night!
Let her broad wing with ever-during shade
Involve my memory! lest fame should tell,
Should publish to remotest time—I clos'd
A life of glory—thus!

SCENE

SCENE X.

To them ROXOLANA.

AH—ZANGER!

SOLYMAN.

Look!

See, forcerefs—woman, see—the curst effects
Of thy dire arts!

ROXOLANA.

Recall not to my thought

What I have done—O give me instant death!

SOLYMAN.

Death—were reward and mercy. Thou shalt live

To prove the pangs, the heart-de stroying horrors,

Even all that love betray'd and chang'd to gall

Can pour upon thee. Yes, we both shall live,

Two demons, hourly to upbraid and curse

Each other's crime—Ha! drag her from the corpse,

She shall not breathe a sigh, or drop a tear,

O'er my unhappy sons——* Hark! righteous heaven

Rolls deep th' avenging thunder o'er our heads.

[* *here the thunder is heard.*]

Justice divine! discharge it here—on me—

On her. It cannot err: we both are guilty.

O dire example, known and felt too late,

Of amorous weakness, and of woman's hate!

O curs'd prerogative of boundless sway!

That gives the deadly passions scope to play;

Hate, anger, rage, to coward-fear succeed:

And worth must perish, tho' a son should bleed.

*The End of the Fifth Act.*